THE

MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Five Points House of Industry.

Terms, One Dollar per Year.

Vol. XXI. OCTOBER, 1877. No. 6.

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Five Points House of Industry.

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WILLIAM F. BARNARD, Superintendent.

Day-School—Every week-day, Saturday excepted, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.
Sunday-School—At 2 o'clock P.M.
Children's Service of Song—Every Sunday at 3 1-2 o'clock P.M.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to pay over to the Trustees of the Five Points House of Industry, in the city of New York, (incorporated A.D. 1854,) or its Treasurer for the time being, the sum of dollars, to be applied to the uses thereof.

Ex Libris

SEYMOUR DURST

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EDITED BY W. F. BARNARD, SUPERINTENDENT.

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SOLICITORS.

WE have been asked, recently, why we do not employ a solicitor to obtain funds for us, and it was suggested that we could thereby reach more people and make our work more generally known. We have several objections to the mode of solicitation adopted by some societies, and principally because we feel that our work here speaks for itself and if it is the Lord's work we shall be sustained. We do not think it would be wise, or right either, to pay twenty-five per cent. of the money solicited to the person who solicits and so, although our work may not be so generally understood, we feel that by those who do understand it the labors here are appreciated and appeal to the generous sympathy of the charitably disposed. And in this connection we desire to repeat that we employ no solicitor for *money*, and, except the generous *free* service rendered us at Thanksgiving-time in asking market men for provisions, we do but little personal solicitation. If, therefore, any person asks money for our benefit, or says, when questioned, that the object they are soliciting for is "all the same work," our friends may be sure that the House of Industry will not be benefited by anything contributed to such parties, for we have no connection in any way with any other society. We know

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people are sometimes misled by this fact of non-solicitation and think we have plenty of means upon which to rely. Quite the reverse is true, for we are greatly troubled to find sufficient means for our asylum work. So, although we do not send personally for aid, we hope that our friends will help us the more, knowing that all contributions go to the direct support of the House, without any percentage off for collecting.

A PROTEST AGAINST PATCHING.

Some pestilent fellows lately prostituted our agricultural fairs to the promotion of patches by promising premiums to the best mender. And there were not wanting foolish virgins to come forward and compete for the prize. Now I do not mean to say that a patch may not sometimes be requisite and necessary as well for the body as the soul ; but there is a great deal of darning, and patching, and mending beyond what is wholesome. I have seen women darning stockings, which, as stockings, had no right to further existence. True economy would have put the feet into the rag-bag and sewed up the legs into dishcloths ; and to see a human being, capable of love, and hope and memory and judgement, turn away from this great, beautiful world, and all the stir and thrill of multiform life, and give itself to driving a stupid little steel crowbar back and forth through a yawning heel and dilapidated toe when whole stockings can be bought at forty cents a pair, is melancholy, not to say exasperating.

" A little darning now and then
Is relished by the best of men ;"

and there is a nervous irritation which is really allayed by a short and solitary turn at the needle, and there are accidents and incidents which demand a stitch, and which no right-minded woman will refuse ; but a protracted and repeated darning, a darning on principle and from choice, a premeditated and vainglorious prostitution before the shrine of this little one-eyed despot, is a sight for gods and men to weep over, not hold out prizes to ! I say again, if a woman must, she must, and that is the end of it ; but she often thinks she must when she need not. She often darns and mends and makes over what it would be cheaper to throw away—infinitely cheaper, as regards time, and patience, and happiness, which are real values—and not dearer in respect of money, which only represents value. Patient Griselda, do not let your patience—which in right measure and for right purposes is a divine virtue—degenerate into meanness of spirit, insipidity of mind, poverty of resources, and acquiescence in what is not inevitable. Life is short and its issues mighty, and there are things that ought to be done with painstaking, and things that ought to be done slightly, and things that ought not to be done at all. She is the wise woman and thrifty housekeeper who accurately discriminates and intelligently chooses the good part that shall not be taken away from her.—*Gail Hamilton.*

TETE-A-TETE.

I.

A BIT of ground, a smell of earth,
A pleasant murmur in the trees,
The chirp of birds, an insect's hum,
And, kneeling on their chubby knees,

Two neighbors' children at their play;
Who has not seen a hundred such?—
A head of gold, a head of brown,
Bending together till they touch.

II.

A country school-house by the road,
A spicy scent of woods anear,
And all the air with summer sounds
Laden for who may care to hear.

So do not two, a boy and girl,
Who stay when all the rest are gone,
Solving a problem deeper far
Than one they seem intent upon.

Dear hearts, of course they do not know
How near their heads together lean
The bee that wanders through the room
Has hardly space to go between.

III.

Now darker is the head of brown,
The head of gold is brighter now,
And lines of deeper thought and life
Are written upon either brow.

The sense that thrills their being through,
With nameless longings vast and dim,
Has found a voice, has found a name,
And where he goes she follows him.

Again their heads are bending near,
And bending down in silent awe,
Above a morsel pure and sweet,
A miracle of love and law.

How often shall their heads be bowed
With joy or grief, with love and pride,
As waxeth strong that feeble life,
Or slowly ebbs its falling tide!

IV

A seaward hill where lie the dead,
In dreamless slumber deep and calm;
Above their graves the roses bloom,
And all the air is full of balm.

They do not smell the roses sweet;
They do not see the ships that go
Along the far horizon's edge;
They do not feel the breezes blow.

Here loving hands have gently laid
The neighbor's children, girl and boy
And man and wife; head close to head
They sleep, and know nor pain nor joy.

—*John W. Chadwick, in Christian Union.*

INADVERTENT CRUELTIES are often practiced by affectionate parents on little children; the mention of one of them will be heeded for a life-time by every person of intelligence and reflection. It is tearless grief which breaks the heart or sends to the mad-house. Tears are an outlet to various passions of very young children. As proof, they cry for almost everything which is contrary to their desires or their comfort. If a hand is scratched, a finger cut, a head bumped, or an unlucky fall scares one of them half to death, a loud cry and a gush of tears are simultaneous; and yet the very first thing a parent does, in almost every case, is to make an effort to quiet the noise of the child; to command them, sternly, to "hush." It is positively physiological cruelty, for crying eases pain, just as groans abate an agony, by diverting the nervous flow to another point, and giving it an outlet elsewhere, on the same principle precisely that a blister diminishes the pain of a spot a considerable distance from it. The balm for childhood's sorrow is sympathy first, and diversion. Let them cry, but adroitly divert the attention, and sunshine comes instantly.

—*Dr. W. W. Hall.*

"THE CHILDREN ARE TENDER."

So said Jacob to Esau concerning his own family of little ones. As we look about us here we see scores of children who are running wild in the streets and whose future it will not be difficult to forecast. The cellars and attics of the miserable tenements are teeming with young life. In some of these places are girls and boys who are accustomed to live with a promiscuous crowd until the wonder is that there is no more wretchedness than now exists. Imagine a small room where men, women, and children huddle together, and, without distinction of sex, eat, drink, and sleep in the same apartment. To us some of these sights are simply dreadful and we long for the power and means to rescue the children from the wretchedness which apparently awaits them. We have comparatively little hope of the reformation of the adult bummers but the children are tender and they may be rescued. The House of Industry has saved hundreds of such and still much more such work remains to be done. Whether we shall be able to do it remains to be seen. As bread and butter costs money we must have means if we are to continue to feed these children. As coal, although cheap, is not given away, we must offer cash if we are to keep the children warm. Says James, in his epistle, "If a brother or sister be naked or destitute of daily food and one of you say unto him Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give them not these things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit?" We appeal therefore, for the wherewithal. Must the children be left uncared for? must they go on in the course now inevitable? and must the House of Industry calmly look on and see the destruction, helpless to save because there are no means? The children are tender and impressible—let us save them.

A Touching Incident.—A nobleman, who died a few years since, had a chest all locked up, but marked, "To be removed first in case of fire." When he died his friends opened that chest, supposing, of course, that some valuable document or deed of property, rich jewelry or costly plate would be found in it. But what did they find? They found the toys of his little child, who had gone before him. Richer to him than the world's wealth, richer than his coronet, brighter than all the jewels that sparkled on his crest. Not his estate, not his jewels, not his equipage, nothing glorious and great in this world; but the dearest objects to him were the toys of his little child.—*Children's Friend.*

BABY.

THERE's not a blossom of beautiful May,
Silver or daisy or daffodil gay,
Nor the rosy bloom of apple-tree flowers,
Fair as the face of this baby of ours.

You could never find on a bright June day,
A bit of far sky so cheery and gay,
Nor the haze on the hills, in noonday hours,
Blue as the eyes of this baby of ours.

There's not a murmur of wakening bird,
The clearest, sweetest that ever was heard
In the tender hush of the dawn's still hours,
Soft as the laugh of this baby of ours.

There's no gossamer silk of tasseled corn,
No filmiest thread of the shy wood-fern,
Not even the cobweb spread o'er the flowers,
Fine as the hair of this baby of ours.

There's no fairy shell by the sounding sea,
No wild rose that nods on the windy lea,
No blush of the sun through April's soft showers,
Pink as the palms of this baby of ours.

May the dear Lord spare her to us, we pray,
For many a long and sunshiny day,
Ere he takes to bloom in Paradise bowers,
This wee bit darling—this baby of ours.

—*L. E. H., in Christian Union.*

"THE LITTLE SHOES DID IT!"

A YOUNG man, who had been reclaimed from the vice of intemperance, was called upon to tell how he was led to give up drinking. He arose, but looked for a moment very confused. All he could say was—"*The little shoes, they did it!*" With a thick voice, as if his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and at length some thoughts less young people began to titter. The man, in all his embarrasment, heard this sound and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash—he drew himself up and addressed the audience; the choking went from his throat. "Yes, friends," he said, in a voice that cut its way, clear as a deep-toned bell, "whatever you may think of it, I've told you the truth—*the little shoes did it!* I was a brute and a fool; strong drink had made me both, and starved me into the bargain. I suffered; I deserved to suffer; but I didn't suffer alone—no man does who has a wife and child, for the woman gets the worst share. But I am no speaker to enlarge on that; I'll stick to the little shoes. I saw one night, when I was all but done for, the saloon-keeper's child holding out her feet for her father to look at her fine new shoes. It was a simple thing; but, friends, no fist ever struck me such a blow as those little new shoes. They kicked reason into me. 'What business have I to help to clothe others with fineries, and provide not even coarse clothing for my own, but let them go bare? said I; and there, outside, was my shivering wife and blue-chilled child, on a bitter, cold night. I took hold of my little one with a grip, and saw her chilled feet! Men! fathers! if the little shoes smote me, what must the feet do? I put them, cold as ice, to my breast; they pierced me through. Yes, the little feet walked right into my heart, and away walked my selfishness. I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf of bread and then a pair of little shoes. I never tasted anything but a bit of that bread all the Sabbath day, and went to work like mad on Monday, and from that day I have spent no more money at the public-house. That's all I've got to say—IT WAS THE LITTLE SHOES THAT DID IT."

A CHAT WITH DOLLY.

FIVE YEARS OLD.

Now, Dolly, I want you to look all surprise,
And put on your soberest 'spression,
And look right at me with your pretty blue eyes,
While I make a most dredfulest 'fession.

You remember this morning I snubbed you like fun,
And acted like I was no lady;
And told you you ought to be 'shamed of yourself
For being a horrid *girl* baby.

Well, 'twas all because aunty had said that upstairs
I had got a most beautiful brother—
And you know, when there's *meat* babies, no one much cares
For china, or for any other.

Besides, Dolly, you know how I always liked boys—
And I've wanted a brother forever;
So I just thought I'd spoil you and smash all my toys,
And not play like a girl again ever.

Well, now I'm sorry, I must tell the truth:
I've seen him—and Dolly, he's horrid;
He's wrinkled and red, and he hasn't a tooth,
And the whole of the top of him's forehead.

He's jus' 'bout as homely as homely can be,
And jus' 'bout as stiff as a cat;
Do you think I'd roll hoop, and play "come to see."
With a limpsy red brother like that?

So, Dolly, forgive me; I'll still be your friend,
And I'll fix your torn clothes with a pin—
And I'll put you to bed in the attic to mend,
And once in a while I'll look in.

SEVEN YEARS OLD.

Well, here you are, Dolly; I almost forgot
Where I put you to let you grow mended;
But you've only got dusty—not mended a bit—
And I 'spose you'd just like to be ended.

I've brought some more 'fessions, but can't stop to tell,
Mamma wrote them for me—she's a lady;
They're under your pillow, and when you get well
You can read them—I'm off now with baby.

That's who they're about, he's such a sweet dear,
I'm sorry I told you that other
About his red face—though it was awful queer;
For *now* he is "beautiful brother."

—*Occident.*

AN EXCELLENT IDEA.

One of our good friends told us the other day of a thought of hers in our behalf, which brought fruit for the House, and we commend it to other friends who may be willing to try the experiment. Leaving home on a journey she put into her bundle, with other reading matter, a copy of our Record, thinking, as she said, that some opportunity might occur when she could sow the seed which would interest somebody. While sitting in a depot in Boston she noticed a lady there, waiting like herself, and as she was disengaged our friend thought she might enjoy reading the Record, so she offered it. After looking it over she was interested sufficiently to ask questions concerning our work and then gave our friend a dollar for the Record and promised to send us a supply of clothing when she returned to her home. Perhaps others of our friends, if like-minded, could go and do likewise.

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

When I was about eighteen years old (I speak of a very distant period), I used to go on Saturday afternoon, during the beautiful season, to spend the Sunday with my mother, who lived at V——, some five miles from my place of labor. I usually went on foot, and was sure to find sitting under an old oak on the route a great fellow, who always cried out to me in a squeaking voice: "*Can you give a poor man a little something, my good sir?*"

He was pretty sure te have his appeal answered by the clinking of a few coppers in his old felt hat.

One day, as I was paying my tribute to Anthony (for so he called himself), there came along a good-looking gentleman to whom the beggar addressed his squeaking cry: "*Can you give a poor man a little something, my good sir?*"

The gentleman stopped, and having fixed his eye on Anthony a moment, said: "You seem to be intelligent and able to work—why do you follow such a mean vocation here? I should be right glad to draw you from it, and give you *ten thousand dollars a year!*"

Anthony began to laugh, and I joined in with him.

"Laugh as much as you please," replied the gentleman; "But follow my advice and you'll have what I promise you. I can show it to you also by example.

I have been as poor as you are; but, instead of begging, I made out of an old basket a sort of sack, and went from house to house and village to village and asked the people to give me, not their money, but their old rags, which I then sold readily to the paper-maker.

At the end of a year I did not ask the rags for nothing, but paid the cash for them; and I had, besides, an old horse and cart to assist me in my work.

Five years afterwards, I had six thousand dollars, and I married the daughter of the paper-maker, who took me into partnership with him. I was but little accustomed to the business, I confess, but I was young and active; I knew how to work and to undergo privation.

Now, I own two good houses in the city, and have turned my paper-mill over to my son, whom I easily taught to labor and to endure hardship without murmuring. Now, do as I have done, my friend, and you will become as well off as I am."

Saying this, the old gentleman rode on, leaving Anthony so absorbed in thought that two ladies passed without hearing his old falsetto supplication: "*Give a poor man a little something, if you please, to-day!*"

Twenty years afterwards, I had occasion to enter a bookstore for some purchases. A large and well-dressed gentleman was walking through the store and giving orders to some half-a-dozen clerks. We looked at each other as people do who, without being acquainted, seem to have some faint impression that they have met before.

"Sir," said he to me, at the further end of the store, "were you not in the habit, twenty years ago, of walking out to V—— on Saturday afternoon?"

"What! Anthony, is it you?" cried I.

"Sir," replied he, "you see Anthony; the old gentleman was right. He gave me TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR!"—*W. Waybridge, Esq.*

KATIE DIDN'T.

Out on the crisp October air,
All up and down the glade,
Was heard the voice of of Katie dear
And what do you think she said?

She said she couldn't, she said she wouldn't
She said she never did,
And from the curious gaze of all
Her pretty eyes she hid.

But what was this that "Katie didn't?"
Why should she so persist
In rasping thus that gentle voice,
That no one could resist.

Why all the birds, and bats, and bugs,
Just over by the wicket,
Declare that modest little Kate
Had flirted with a cricket!

And Katie's sisters say she did,
And all the crickets too;
I think that Katie ought to know
Whether she did, don't you?

And every night till latest fall,
Let it blow high or low,
This question comes before the house.—
Did Katie flirt, or no?

Katie did! No, Katie didn't!
Continually they cry:—
Katie did!—No, Katie didn't!
And so they will for aye.

—*E. V. H., in Inquirer and Mirror.*

HELP FROM THE CHILDREN.

We have often remarked that the gifts for our work from children are always peculiarly valued; the offerings from little ones who have saved money, or who have worked for the donation given, are very touching to us. Three little girls, during the Summer past, concluded that they would use their school vacation to some purpose and decided to make fancy articles and hold a fair, the proceeds to be applied for the benefit of our children. The parents entered heartily into the plan although with some doubts of their success, and one of the mothers allowed the use of her parlor. The fair was held last week, and, to the surprise of all, twelve dollars and seventy-five cents was realized for our benefit, besides a dollar more which was spent for a pair of shoes for some poor child in their neighborhood. We are sure that Misses Jennie Gerson, Ida Merrill, and Ella Blauvelt have been well rewarded for their trouble in the consciousness of having done a good deed, and we are sincerely grateful to them for their self-sacrifice in our behalf.

How well our good friends in the country could send us vegetables is certainly known to themselves, and the pay for such a charitable deed is recorded in Proverbs 19th chapter 17th verse.

WORK-HOUSE JOHNNY.

If a stranger, passing along the dirty wharves of Plymouth, England, sixty or seventy years ago, had ventured to single out any particular Johnny from the many of that name among the little Devonshire tatterdemalions who played there, and predict a brilliant future for him, he would have done an absurd thing, no doubt.

The Johnny I mean was quite as ragged and poor as any of them, and apparently no brighter than the rest. If he was *better*, it could not have been owing to his home advantages, for his home was actually too poor to keep him. He was sent away at the early age of four years to live with his grandmother, and for six years from that date he was "grandmother's boy."

This good lady, however, was not one of the foolishly indulgent grandmothers, which was well for Johnny, for it saved him from the misfortune of learning to always have his own way. She was herself very poor, but she was a true woman, and she taught Johnny to read the Bible to her on Sundays when she could not go to church, making a little "pulpit" of chairs for him just to please him.

He soon began to love reading, and when he could earn a few pennies by little services for the barber, or some other neighbor, he spent it for small books.

When he was ten years old his hard-working parents took him home. Little time poor Johnny got to look at books then. His father was a mason, and he had to carry bricks and mortar for him. One day, while climbing with a heavy load to the top of a house, his foot slipped on the ladder, and he fell back more than thirty feet, breaking several of his bones and terribly bruising his head and body.

For weeks he lay helpless, barely escaping death at last. But when he recovered he was stone deaf.

What should be done with Johnny now? His father found him of little use to him. Grandmother was dead. Finally Johnny was sent to the work-house. But, as God would have it, the poor boy made friends in that hard place, and the overseer lent him books, so that he could read out of laboring hours.

In the course of time, some visitors at the work-house noticed Johnny, and, astonished at the intelligence and excellence of a lad who had never been to school, undertook to take care of him and educate him.

His progress upward was rapid from that day. He remembered the teachings of his pious grandmother, and faithfully served God in all he did. He became a learned man, traveled in Palestine, and wrote many able and instructive books on the Bible and Bible lands; and all the Christian world read them with delight, and feel thankful that the accident of his boyhood which made him deaf did not make him blind.

Johnny's story furnishes one fine example of the blessing the good Father above loves to bring out of misfortune. That fall from the building was the turning-point,—the "new departure," so to speak, of the boy's life. If he had never been work-house Johnny, he probably would never have been the celebrated Dr. John Kitto.—*Youth's Companion.*

A CUSTOMER.

THE sunshine falling everywhere,
Touches with fairy fingers bright
A little urchin's golden hair,
That looks like tangled sheaves of light.
With old straw hat pushed back in haste,
And cheeks rose-flushed, he panting stands
Before the "doctor's" lettered sign,
And clasps the bell-knob in both hands.

"I want the doctor—mother's sick"—
The pompous servant holds the door:
"The doctor's out—where are you from?"
And then he eyes the urchin o'er.
But nothing daunted is the lad—
His blue eyes gentle wonder speak:
"*Don't know me*!—why, we deal with you—
We got a baby here last week."

—*Helen W. Pierson, in Baldwin's Monthly.*

INCIDENTS.

"WHAT shall I do with my two children?" said an American man to us. "Their mother is a bad woman and has left the two boys and myself." He showed us letters of first-class recommendation and declared himself very poor at present. If his children were cared for he could look out for himself, he said. We agreed to take them in until he can care for them.

A poor woman, who has tried in vain to get employment with her little girl of eight years, comes to us as a last resort. She thinks she will soon have employment if we will take her child. We do so.

A woman whose face indicated intelligence and refinement was in trouble, she could get a situation but she could not take her children. What should she do with them? They were nice looking children and we were glad of the privilege of opening the door to them.

But we do not insist on the children whom we take being wholly free from disease or nice in appearance, and so, when a mother with a child who needed such hospital treatment as we could give, made an appeal to us, we took the child in for treatment. We have often taken in children who, because of some blemish, were refused admittance in other places.

The kaleidoscope of our experience here is an ever-changing one, and the sights and sounds are often suggestive and touching. We are a light indeed, in this dark section of the city, toward which scores of helpless ones steer for succor.

IT has been a most severe season for the poor thus far, and bids fair to be worse yet, and what we shall do for them with an empty treasury remains to be seen.

DRUNKENNESS AMONG WOMEN.

We may not conceal the fact that drunkenness among women of all classes is greatly on the increase, and *especially among the rich*. There is not only wine upon the sideboard and brandy in the secret drawer, but *public places of resort where women go to drink*—restaurants whose chief attraction is the wine list. Fine carriages and servants in livery may be seen in attendance at the door, while the rustle of silks keeps time with the clinking of glasses.

It is really shocking to see with what a toper-like air some young ladies handle their straws.

These places of resort are made as attractive as possible, and afford a delightful retreat for a social glass.

Women do not drink as men do. Men guzzle or turn down a glass in one gulp; women sit by little tables, and sip and gossip by the half-hour; but the effect is ultimately the same.

There are thousands of women to-day among the higher classes who are more or less under the influence of liquor every afternoon, or who occasionally take a spree.

We have seen women elegantly dressed, who lived in palatial residences, so drunk that they could not get out of a carriage without the aid of a footman. And we have very often seen women in street and railway cars so much under the influence of liquor that they could not give an intelligent answer t simplest question; mothers with little children, who could not be trusted with them in their arms by the father or the servant in attendance. Jackson Purchase says: "I was once walking in Lothian Street, when I saw a woman walking along very drunk. She was carrying a child; it was lying over her shoulder. I saw it slip, slipping further and further back. I ran and cried out; but before I could get up, the poor little thing, smiling over its miserable mother's shoulder, fell down like a stone, on its head, on the pavement; it gave a gasp, and turned up its blue eyes, and had a convulsion, and its soul was away to God, and its little soft, woful body lying dead, and its idiotic mother grinning and staggering over it, half seeing the dreadful truth, then forgetting it and cursing and swearing. That was a sight! So much misery, and wickedness, and ruin. It was the young woman's only child. When she came to herself, she became mad, and is to this day a driveling idiot, and goes about forever seeking for her child, and cursing the woman who killed it."

This is a true tale—too true. Not so guilty was that mother as she who, tempting her child to drink, destroys both soul and body.

From physicians, who are frequently called in as advisers in the more desperate cases, we have ascertained many facts in regard to the prevalence of this evil among the higher classes. But it is not necessary to enter further into these wretched details. Is it not time that the women of the church should wake up to these alarming facts, and ask why this increase of drunkenness among women, and what they can do to stay the terrible tide?—*Christian Woman, Philadelphia.*

Our large family of children would impress any visitor with the fact that they are worth taking care of.

POTATOES.

We hear of good crops of potatoes this year in every direction, and we have a longing for a few for the many mouths we have to feed. If we could have several hundred bushels we could help answer the appeal now made to us so frequently for food, while our children would be much better in health for a more frequent use than now of the tubers. Perhaps this may fall under the eye of some good people in the country who could, with a little exertion, help us in this direction, and who could also interest some of their neighbors. We would gladly pay freight or perhaps a free transportation could be had for them. The pay would be, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord."

COUNTING THE COST.

In seeking for the cause of the corruption in politics, morals, and society, as well as the enormous debt and taxation of New York, we find among others the following facts: that there are licensed places for the sale of liquors about 6,000; that there are unlicensed tippling houses about 1,500, which include all sorts of vile dens, brothels, and other places too vile to name, where liquid poisons called ardent spirits are sold. The number of all combined has been estimated at over 8,000. Of these perhaps 1,500 may be allotted as taverns, inns, hotels, and restaurants, having accommodations for lodgers. Dr. Elisha Harris, secretary of the Prison Association (who is a competent authority), estimates eighty per centum of the crimes committed in the state to be chargeable to the tippling houses. Let us state the account thus:

Dr. *The Tippling Houses in account with the City of New York.* Cr.

To the Corporation:

To cost of four-fifths of the expenses of the police, charities, etc., and of the crimes and murders committed	$4,000,000
Extra employees in judicial and other departments	1,000,000
Donations to charitable institutions	300,000
	$5,300,000
Cr. By amount of license fees	300,000
Dr. To balance	$5,000,000
Dr. To private charities, four-fifths	2,000,000
Estimated total	$7,000,000

as taxes upon the industrious citizens to support 6,500 tippling shops in their nefarious work of ruining the bodies and souls of the tipplers. This is exclusive of the amount wasted by the frequenters of the rum shops, probably over $20,000,000 in cash, and $20,000,000 in wages lost through dissipation, making at least $40,000,000, worse than lost, which otherwise would be expended in the markets, groceries and shops of tradesmen, in promotion of the health, comfort and wealth of families, or as a capital for the industrial classes.—*Chancellor Howard Crosby.*

WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I LOVE you, mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden-swing,
And left her the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell;
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"To-day I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly she fetched the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she.
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said,
Three little children going to bed,
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

—*Exchange.*

A STORY FOR THE GIRLS.

SIT down on the porch, children, and let me tell you about Aunt Rachel and the story she once told me. One day, when I was about twelve years old, I had planned to go after strawberries; but Aunt Rachel said to me, "A girl of your age should begin to learn how to do housework. Take off your hat, roll up your sleeves, and help me do the baking."

I pouted, and sighed, and shed tears, but was encouraged by the promise that I might go after the baking. Under good Aunt Rachel's directions I mixed a big loaf of bread, placed it on a tin as bright as a new dollar, and was rubbing the flour off my hands when she called out, "This will never, never do' child; you haven't scraped your bread-bowl clean."

I shall never forget the picture she made standing there, her eyes regarding me sternly, one hand resting on her hip, while in the other she held the untidy bowl.

"It will never do, child," she went on. "It is not only untidy, but it makes too much waste; to be a good housekeeper, you must learn to be economical. You have heard the story of the young man who wanted an economical wife?'

"No," I answered, and I might have added that I didn't wish to hear it, either.

"Well," she continued, "he was a very likely young man, and he wanted a careful wife; so he thought of a way he could find out. One morning he went to call upon the different girls of his acquaintance, and ask them each for the scrapings of their bread-bowls to feed his horses. You see they all wanted him, so they got all they could for him. Finally he found a girl who hadn't any, so he asked her to be his wife, because he thought she must be economical. Now,' said Aunt Rachel triumphantly, "suppose a young man should ask you for the scrapings of your bread-bowl, what would you say?"

"What would I say?" I repeated scornfully; "why, I'd tell him if he couldn't afford to buy oats for his horses they might starve. I wouldn't rob the pig to feed them."

I suppose Aunt Rachel thought that lesson was all lost on me; but as true as you live, I never knead the bread to this day without thinking of her lesson in economy.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MR. MOODY'S OPINION.

On the occasion of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's visit to Liverpool, Mr. Moody spent some time in answering written questions. Among them were the following:

"What would you advise a minister to do with a member of his church who is addicted to strong drink?" Well, the minister must go to him in love, and seek to win him from it, and let the minister himself set the example by giving up the use of intoxicating liquors.

"Should wine-merchants be admitted into church-membership?" I don't want to do any unjustifiable injury to wine-merchants or publicans; but I answer, No. It's doing their own soul harm if we lull them into thinking their traffic is all right by admitting them. I'm sure none of them would wish to remain in my church. They would find it too hot for them.

"One of the members of my congregation is a publican—a quiet, well-meaning man, but by his trade he is ruining the souls of thou ands. What can I do about him?" Well, I should preach faithfully, and make the place so hot for him that he'd either have to give up his church or his business.

"A young man professing to be a christian, and who is employed in the spirit trade, has been shaken in his conscience, wishes to know if he cannot continue in the wine trade, and yet be a consistent Christian?" He cannot.

"You have spoken against publicans. Now, I ask a plain question. Is it your opinion that a man who keeps a public-house cannot be saved and lead a God-fearing life?" I can't get rid of the verse, "Woe be to the man that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips:" One of your magistrates took me to see your prison. There I saw young women and young men all mangled and bruised by the work of sin. What brought them there? Strong drink. How can he be a Christian who fills a man with the accursed liquor, and sends him reeling home to abuse his wife and children? We ought not to engage in any employment upon which we cannot seek the Divine blessing. Could any one offer the prayer, "God bless this glass of whiskey to the man?" Would not that be a farce? I can call it nothing but a hellish traffic.—*Irish Temperance League Journal.*

Will our friends remember that we appeal for help to *support* nearly three hundred children, and by support we mean to clothe, shoe, feed three times a day, to take care of in sickness, and in short, to wholly care for them as children in a family are cared for, beside educating, and not to give one meal a day and dismiss them to homes at night although we have some who are thus partially supported in addition to the others.

The little girl who was disappointed because her name could not be found in the Bible says: "Never mind! She will be such a good girl that if ever another Bible be written, her name shall go into that."

WEE BROSIE.

We have a little brother here,
Whose cheeks are red and rosy;
And sometimes, when we're making cheer,
We nickname him "Wee Brosie."

He's just as fat's a little pig,
And has a queer wee nosie;
So, when we run about at "tig,"
We laugh, and call him "Brosie."

He's not so soft as you would think,
Nor like a turnip, frozie—
No one can round a corner jink
As fast as our "Wee Brosie."

There's more than what the spoon put there,
Beneath his little bosie;
Let greed and impudence beware!
When they come near our "Brosie."

You steal his plums, or break his stick,
Or trample on his toesie,
And you'll be challenged very quick
By our indignant "Brosie."

He dods about the livelong day,
As blooming as a posey;
And, overhead in prank or play,
You're sure to find "Wee Brosie."

At night, he comes, with closing een,
And seeks his bed so cosy—
O! would that every king and queen
Were happy as "Wee Brosie."

—*From "Verses" by Ebenezer Smith.*

"NOT IF IT WAS MY BOY!"

Some years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he remarked that if only *one boy* was saved from ruin, it would pay for all the cost, and care, and labor of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises had closed, in private conversation, a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann upon his statement, and said to him:

"Did you not color that a little, when you said that all that expense and labor would be repaid if it only saved *one boy?*"

"*Not if it was* my *boy,*" was the solemn and convincing reply.

Ah! there is a wonderful value about "My boy." Other boys may be rude and rough; other boys may be reckless and wild; other boys may seem to require more pains and labor than they ever will repay; other boys may be left to drift uncared for to the ruin which is so near at hand; but "My boy,"—it were worth the toil of a lifetime and the lavish wealth of a world to save *him* from temporal and eternal ruin. We would go the world around to save him from peril, and would bless every hand that was stretched out to give him help or welcome. And yet every poor, wandering, outcast, homeless man, is one whom some fond mother called, "*My boy.*" Every lost woman, sunken in the depths of sin, was somebody's daughter, in her days of childish innocence. To-day somebody's son is a hungry outcast, pressed to the very verge of crime and sin. To-day somebody's daughter is a weary, helpless wanderer, driven by necessity into the paths that lead to death. Shall we shrink from labor, shall we hesitate at cost when the work before us is *the salvation of a soul?* Not if it is "*My boy;*" not if we have the love of Him who gave His life to save the lost.

—*The Common People.*

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.—*Bulwer.*

CLOTHING AND SHOES.

We desire to remind our good friends of the necessity of clothing and shoes. We need two thousand articles of clothing to supply the wants of our children this winter. We must have from eight hundred to a thousand pairs of shoes for the little feet needing coverings during those cold days just ahead. Where is so much coming from? We reply, we hope it is all coming to us from the closets and rubbish-rooms of scores of families, who are only too glad to know where the articles may be sent to do the most good. It is probable that you, dear reader, are included in this notice.

Money Received for Record, from Sept. 1 to Oct. 1, 1877.

Lyman, G. K., Newtown, N. Y.....$1 00
Mansfield, Mrs. M. H., Worcester, Mass... 1 00
Waterman, G. R., Andover, Mass.....$5 00

Money Received from Sept. 1 to Oct. 1, 1877.

"Blessed is the man that considereth the poor; the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble."
"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord."
"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

Canada bills sold	$ 25	Norton, Mrs. H. B., Norwich, Ct.	$ 5 00
Cash	10 00	Proceeds of a fair held at 83 Jane Street by Misses Jennie Gerson, Ida Merrill, Ella Blauvelt	12 75
D. M. D.	25 00	Ross Brothers, Owen's Sound, Ca.	10 00
Field, Mrs. N. M., Monson, Mass.	5 00	Ross, D., Leith, Ca., for special case	5 00
Friend	25	Rudderow, Mrs. A. B. D., Jersey City	5 00
G. T. C.	5 00	Sunday Collection, Sept. 2	7 33
G. W. E.	10 80	" " " 9	6 57
Goodwin, Mary J., Mansfield, Mass.	1 00	" " " 16	7 55
Harrington, Mr. and Mrs., Pittsfield, Mass.	1 00	" " " 23	16 35
Heald, Mrs. D. A., Orange, N. J.	5 00	" " " 30	13 37
Phelps, Rev. Dr. C. E., New Brunswick, N. J.	1 00		

Donations of Food, Clothing, etc., from Sept. 1 to Oct. 1, 1877.

Beck, Miss.....pkg. clothing.
Booth, Mr.....pants and vest.
Davis, Mrs. John A.....clothing.
Doe, N. R.....6 bkts. peaches.
Drummond, Mrs.....hats.
Fanshawe, Mrs.....box clothing and shoes.
Hall, T. J., Brooklyn.....pkg. clothing.
Harrington, Mrs., Pittsfield, Mass., bbl. clothing.
Heald, Mrs. D. A., Orange, N. J., flowers for hospital and ½ bbl. clothing.
Henle, Mrs. F.....pkg. clothing.
Holyoke, Mass.....2 bbls., shoes.
Jackson, F. J., Jackson Military Institute, Tarrytown, N. Y.....bbl. clothing.
Lockwood, Mr. C., Yonkers, N.Y., pkg. clothing.
Merchants' Club.....bbl. bread.
Merrick, Mrs. O. E., Holyoke, Mass., bl. clothing
Noble, Mrs., Brooklyn.....clothing.
Page, John B. & Son.....bbl. pumpkins. 2 boxes grapes.
Phelps, Rev. Dr. C. E., New Brunswick, N. J., sack clothing and shoes.
Plainfield, N. J.....box clothing and shoes.
Potter, Mrs., Brooklyn.....pkg. clothing.
Power, Mrs. W. H., Montclair, N. J.,
Quimby, Prof. E. T., Hanover, N. H.....papers.
Ridley, E. & Son.....lot of sundries.
Rogers, Mr.....bkt bread.
Taylor, H.....bbl. rolls.
Treadwell, A. M., Madison, N. J. bbl. vegetables.
348 Bridge Street, Brooklyn....98 loaves bread.

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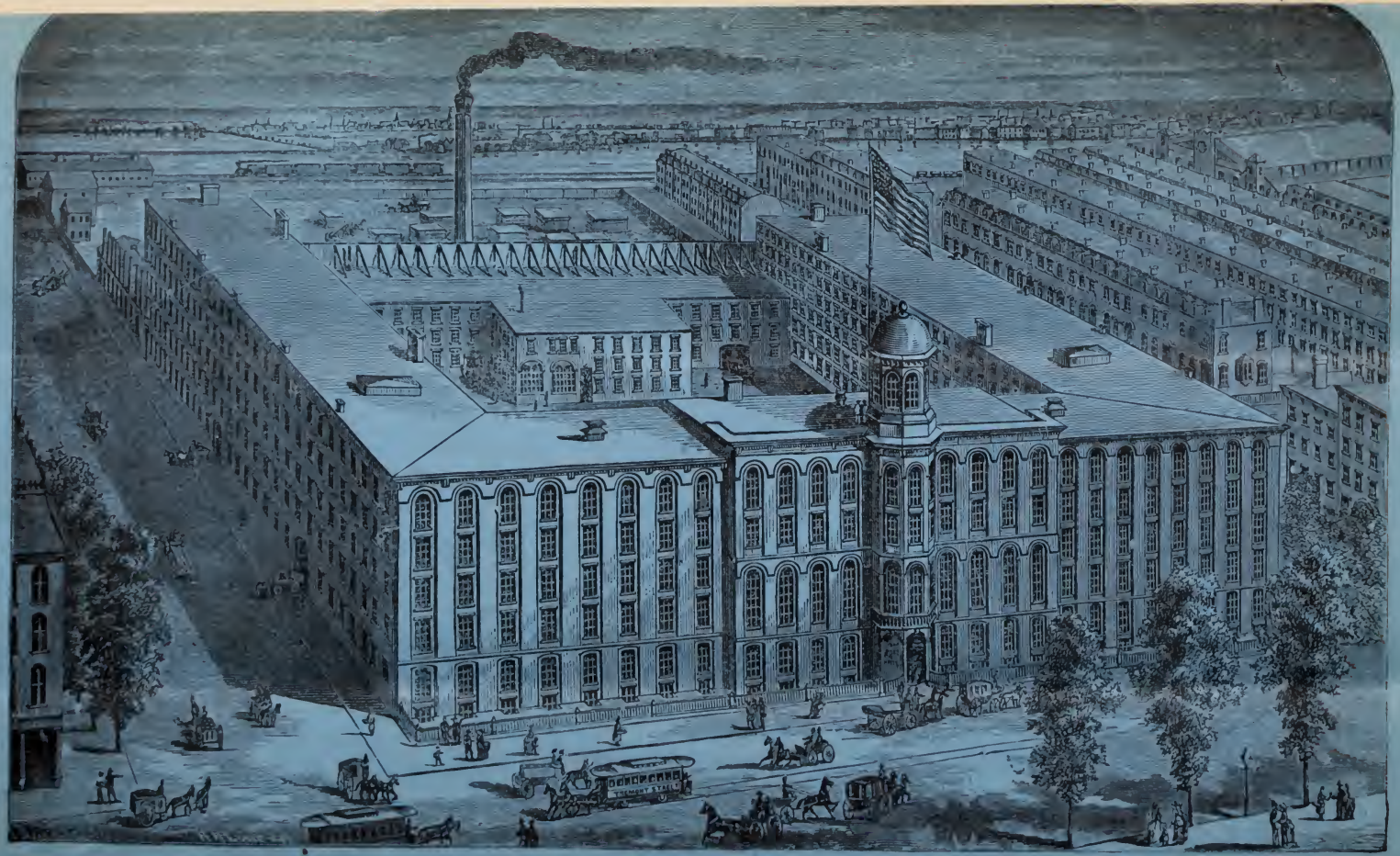

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